

# DEAFMUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LIV

Published Every Thursday,  
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1925.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 2

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 10, 1918

## Something Great

The trial was ended, the vigil past. All clad in his arms was the knight at last. The goodlies knight in the whole wide land. With face that shone with a purpose grand. The king looked on him with gracious eyes. And said: "He is meet for some high emprise." To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate. I will surely die or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away; There was trouble and need in the town that day. A child had strayed from his mother's side into the woodland dark and wide. "Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild. "Help me, sir knight, to seek my child; The hungry woeles in the forest roam; Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bride's rein. "Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain. Some meaner succor will do, maybe. Some squire or varlet of low degree: There are mighty woeles in the world to right."

I keep my sword for a noble fight. I am and at heart for your baby's fate. But I ride in haste to do something great.

One wintry night, when the sun was set, A blind old man by the way he met. "Now, good sir knight, for our lady's sake. O a sightless wanderer pity take! The wind blows cold and the sun is down. Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."

"Nay," said the knight: "I cannot wait; I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright. His sword all keen for the longest fight. "Laugh with us, laugh," cried the merry crowd. "Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed. "Help us!" the weak and weary prayed. But for joy, or grief, nor need he stayed. And the year rolled on and his eyes grew dim. And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done. He missed the blessings he might have won. Seeking some glorious task to find. His eyes all humbler work were blind. He that is faithful in that which is least is fitter to sit at the heavenly feast. Ye men and women lament their fate. If they be not called to do something great.

—Selected—

## WITHOUT INTERRUPTION

By Charles Magee Adams

After tracing a last careful "after the item" coal consumed, "Daddy Jim" Erhart laid down his pen and looked at the clock above the switchboard of the Vernon power station. It was eight minutes of nine.

Though there were still blank spaces on the form of his report,—"maximum load,"—"kilowatt hours produced," and other items of his record as chief engineer—he simply sat there; his overalled figure sagged a bit in the worn chair in front of the oil-stained desk. At last he turned and looked across the generator room to his old engines.

They were big engines with bulging cylinders, ponderous flywheels and pistons like huge arms; the connecting rods were driving and drawing back, and the eccentrics were bobbing up and down. There was a living something in every stroke. The engines were as sturdy and as perfectly timed as on that day twenty-two years ago when Jim had started them for the first time. But now he frowned; there was a heaviness about his shoulders and pain in his eyes. In eight minutes he would stop his engines never to start them again.

He got to his feet restlessly. Harry was right of course; the whining turbines in the big city station eighteen miles away could generate current far more cheaply than his small station could. Harry was considerate too; no son-in-law, particularly one who was general manager of a system like the Consolidated, could have handled this task of junking more thoughtfully; he had even offered him the post of chief operator in the new substation. Jim looked at the substation a hundred yards away, which was ready to displace his engines. The lights of the little control house revealed the squat bulks of the transformers.

Transformers! Scorn lighted his eyes. There was no life in transformers; they were simply dead piles of steel and copper and insulation; they merely took in current and passed it along. He hated them; he had nothing but contempt for them; and now after twenty-two years with his engines he had been offered the position of tending them.

He walked back to his desk and once more began to write figures on the report, item by item down to "Remarks," where in strong upstanding characters he had written the same sentence every day for the last twenty-two years: "Service was maintained without interruption." That was another reason

why he was sick and sore; if his engines had ever failed, he might have endured the thought of wreckers' coming tomorrow. But they had never failed; not for an instant in those twenty-two years had the current they supplied been interrupted. He finished with the figures and glanced at the clock again. It was four minutes of nine. Over in Cedarhurst eight miles away Sonny, his little grandson, would be starting his tumbling stunts at the Boy Scout exhibition; his little bare-armed figure would lead the performers on the mats spread at one end of the polished floor of the gymnasium.

It occurred to Jim that perhaps Harry had set tonight for the shutdown so that Sonny could not see the engines stop; the boy loved them and would certainly have been at the plant except for the exhibition. Every Saturday after school he would come and stand for hours, watching every thrust and revolution with glowing absorption. "Our engines, Daddy Jim," he had called them, and old Jim knew that Sonny as well as he himself felt the life that was in their beat.

Jim stood up. It was three minutes of nine. He turned and walked slowly round the two old engines. A substation! Transformers! Transformers after twenty-two years of engines like these! He turned and strode to the switchboard. It was one minute of nine. He would shut down and then drive over to Cedarhurst with Harry to see the last part of the Scout exhibition. Sonny would be disappointed if he were not there, and anyway he wanted to go. He hoped that he could see Sonny's new stunt, the inverted pendulum, in which the boy stood on top of a pyramid of Scouts that swayed back and forth in wider and wider sweeps until at last all the boys leaped to the mats.

The hand of the clock was touching nine. Another moment, and the throb of the engines sounded different. The lights in the control house were still burning, but on power from the big plant eighteen miles away. His own plant had been disconnected; his engines were done. Slowly he reached up and laid hold of the handles of the old-fashioned switches; he was tugging at them when Harry stepped inside. "Everything all right, Daddy Jim?" he asked quietly.

Jim nodded and tried to smile. "I'll be ready as soon as I shut down," he said. "All right," Harry answered, "no hurry. We'll be in time to see some of Sonny's stunts."

Jim turned toward the nearest engine and while Harry was standing with hands in his pockets, looking out of the window, watched the rods and the eccentric for a last moment before he should still that living thing. He laid his hand on the throttle, and at that moment Harry turned suddenly. "Daddy Jim!" he called. "Wait! Something's wrong."

Jim lowered his hand. Harry was pointing toward the substation; it was dark, and beyond it the town also was dark.

Harry started for the door. "Don't shut down till I see what's wrong," he directed. "It may be only a tripped breaker, but—" The telephone at the end of the switchboard interrupted him with a clang, and, turning, he picked up the receiver. "Yes. This is Harry Thorne.—What?" There was a pause, and Jim walked over and beside his son-in-law. "That's the best you can do? Tell Briggs to go ahead then. I'll be there as soon as I can. Cut everything out.—Oh! That's right. Wait."

He turned to Jim, and his face had the look of a man trying to think fast and straight. "The big station's down," he said quietly. "Main water intake caved in and can't be fixed for an hour and maybe two. Think these engines can pull Vernon and Samuelsville till then?"

Samuelsville! Over in the Samuelsville shops three miles away were big electric furnaces that demanded an unbroken supply of current. Jim's head went up. "Why, sure," he replied promptly. Harry's brows were furrowed. "That'll be full load," he said un- easily.

Jim drew his lean figure erect.

"They've pulled that and more many a time."

Harry turned to the telephone. "We'll take care of that from here," he said and hung up the receiver.

Jim had wheeled and was striding briskly toward the boiler room. Off to the south the city and its ring of suburban towns like Cedarhurst lay dark; homes, shops and theatres were suddenly black because the turbines in the big new station had stopped. But the town of Vernon would not be dark, and the big furnaces at Samuelsville would not go cold, because his engines would go on as they had gone these twenty-two years. And tomorrow they would be scrapped. He reached the steamy warmth of the boiler room and gave a few instructions to the grimy men who were preparing to draw fires; then he returned to the switchboard. Harry had gone to the substation to change connections, he concluded, for the lights of the town flashed up, and at the same time the engines throbbed with a stronger note.

Jim's heaviness had lifted; the pain was gone from his eyes, and his lean face was glowing. This job would not be easy; but old No. 1 and No. 2 were equal to it. Their throb had deepened; the sway and sweep of their glistening rods were steeper, and the pulse of that living thing in them was stronger, as if they had realized what was before them. And when Harry re-entered the generator room a few minutes later Jim was beaming with confidence.

Harry walked round the two engines; his eyes had an intent look; his ears were alert. He turned to the switchboard, glanced at the ammeter and then back at the engines. He faced the old engineer, and a boyishly frank smile suddenly relieved the inteness of his face.

"Daddy Jim," he declared heartily. "If you'd told me that—"

The clang of the telephone stopped him. He swung round and picked up the receiver. "Vernon power plant," he said. "Thorne talking."

Jim was watching his son-in-law; all the bitterness of the last night seemed to have fled. If only transformers—

"What?"

Harry was standing stiff of body and white of face.

A choking dread seized Jim. He knew of no accident that was likely to cripple lines or substation; but as he looked at his son-in-law a cold fear seemed to wrap itself round him.

"How can we?" asked Harry, and there was numb appeal in his voice. "Can't he wait? Can't you use batteries? Anything?"

Jim jerked toward him. "What is it? What is it, Harry?" he asked huskily.

Harry turned halfway round; his face was drawn. "Sonny," he said raspingly. "Head! Boys under him slipped when the lights went out. That pendulum stunt. Missed the mat—that hard floor. They've got to operate right away. Dr. Nickelson told them. Depressed fracture—clot on the brain. But there are no lights in the Cedarhurst Hospital!"

Jim did not move.

Harry turned back to the telephone. "Can't you do anything—get a farm light set—anything?" Sonny on top of that swaying pyramid as the sweep dipped lower and lower—blackness midway of the last sweep—Sonny on the hard, polished floor unconscious. The spotless operating room—Dr. Nickelson, nurses,—but no lights! Can't you rig a car spot?"

Unreasoning rage swept over Jim. Why wasn't the hospital equipped with a plant of its own? Why didn't it have an emergency battery?

"No, no. You—"

Jim's big fingers, deep in the other's shoulder, turned him round. "Listen! Listen, Harry!" There was authority in his voice. "We'll give 'em light! Tell Nickelson to go ahead! See? Cut Cedarhurst in!" He turned toward his engines.

"But, Jim! Jim! You can't!"

Jim whirled, and anger flooded his face. "Why not?" he demanded. "They're doing all they can do!"

Harry was pointing helplessly at the throbbing engines. "They'd break down! We can't take the chance! Nickelson had better try—"

"Look here!" Jim thrust his lean face close to his son-in-law's; his jaw shot out, and his eyes were

ablaze. "Did they ever fail in twenty-two years?" Do you think they're going to fail to-night? The only thing we're taking a chance on—there was a raw bitterness in his voice—"is transformers!" He fairly shouted the word. "But they've got to hold! Here!"

He pulled the receiver from the other's grasp and pushed him aside. "Conley, this is Jim Erhart," he said to the load dispatcher at the other end of the line. "I'm going to pull Cedarhurst from here. Cut her in!"

He thrust the receiver back on the hook, turned and started across the generator room at a jolting, unaccustomed run; pausing for a word to the oilers, he went to the boiler room, glanced at steam gauges and gave some orders to the fireman; then at the same run he went outside and crossed the grass to the substation. There was where Sonny's life would hang in the balance during the next hour—there in the transformers.

Transformers! How he despised them! Black fear had smothered his hatred, Sonny's life depended on them. The old engines would not fail. Dr. Nickelson would not fail. But between the engines and the lamps that Dr. Nickelson needed stood the transformers, an indispensable link.

Harry was already inside the control house, grimly intent on the new switchboard. But Jim did not enter. He ran on to the guard fence and glared between the bars at the transformers. Transformers! Lifeless transformers between Sonny and death. They were purring monotonously like self-satisfied cats; but suddenly the purring changed to a loud vibrant humming, and at the same time a new note came into the throb of the engines at the power plant. Cedarhurst had been cut in.

Jim knew that note. It was a tightening, as if every old rod and cylinder were exerting their strength. He could count on his engines as he had counted on them for twenty-two years. But these transformers? Jim looked at them scornfully. They were no living something to feel and understand; they were simply purring motionless hulks. As he turned and strode out restlessly he became aware of an odd note in the throb of the engines; it was a heavy note that he had never heard before. There was a stifled quality about it, as if that living thing in them were being smothered. He stopped. The old engines were being overworked; and if with all their vital power they were feeling the extra pressure, how could those lifeless transformers stand the strain? He hurried back to the guard fence and fixed his eyes on the hulks inside. They simply stood there, humming with the same deep, monotonous note and showing no sign of exerting any effort. Jim despised yet feared them.

Peering restlessly through the bars, he tried to detect any sign that might betray weakness. But they betrayed nothing. Motionless they stood and merely droned and rumbled. Again he caught that odd note in the throb of the engines, and this time a new fear came with it, a slinking insidious fear that made him suddenly feel limp and shaken. He started back to the plant at a hurried walk and then broke into an unsteady run. The smothered note was growing louder and louder, until it seemed as if the living thing in the old engines were gasping for breath against a choking weight. There were other sounds also, metallic rumblings, sinister thumps and murmurs and discordant clackings.

He ran into the generator room. Harry was there, white of face and watching. The oilers, drawn and grave, were beside him. Jim did not look at them. He looked at the engines, and as he looked and felt their beat he knew that they were losing strength slowly, but with an inexorable steadiness that was choking them. He could not deny the stark possibility that tonight for the first time in twenty-two years his old engines might fail—fail when Sonny needed them!

"Do you think I'd better cut out Vernon?" asked Harry in a hollow voice. "That'll help some."

Jim nodded without looking round. He was seeing the operating room eight miles away with the white-clad surgeon and nurses intent on the

litle figure under the big lamps. No, his engines would not fail. They were strained and being driven as he had never known them to be driven before; but they would not fail. They would not fail Sonny. The only thing that might fail was the transformers. He jerked about and clenched his teeth. The engines were still fighting, not by minutes, but stroke by stroke; each thrust and tug was an individual struggle. They seemed to be calling to him and appealing with each gasp and throb to save them from the failure that menaced them and him and Sonny. But he could do nothing. Even as he realized that the oilers had done all they could to help the engines. The popping safety valves showed what the fireman were doing. He must stand by helpless and watch that living thing choked out of the old engines and know that Sonny's young life was about to be snatched from under the surgeon's instruments!

Harry came back from the substation; he looked haggard. "Been trying to get Samuelsville and cut them out too," he explained. "Won't answer."

Jim could not reply. He stood motionless while the gasps of the two old engines became slower and slower. He felt like putting his shoulder to the crank shaft, seizing the flywheels and dragging them forward.

Harry looked at the clock. Jim did not dare look. Could Dr. Nickelson finish his operation before the beaten old engines let the lamps go black? He, Jim Erhart, could not stand here and see his engines stop when Sonny's life depended on them. He looked out of the window. A hundred yards away in the substation he could see the transformers; they were as motionless and unper- turbed as if they were under no strain at all. He made for the door un- steadily. He would go out to them. If Sonny's life had depended merely on—

"Daddy Jim!"

He had not heard the telephone or seen Harry waver, brace himself and go to it. Something in his son-in-law's voice made him spin round. Harry's free arm was up in a quick high gesture. "It's all right! Sonny's—"

Something choked him, but Jim knew by his eyes and the glow of his face what the glad news was.

Twenty minutes later Harry Thorne stopped at the door of the generator room as he came back from the substation. The safety valves were still popping with a subdued hiss. Lights burned steadily on current from the city station, which was once more in service, and in the middle of the room between the two old engines with clanking rods motionless and huge flywheels still—two old giants spent and battered with their final struggle—stood Daddy Jim Erhart; his tall lean figure was as motionless as they.

After a long moment Harry crossed slowly to the engineer's side. "Daddy Jim!"

Jim turned; the deep-scored lines had gone from his face, and his shoulders did not droop.

"Before we start home," said Harry, and there was a reverence in his voice and a warmth in his face that had not been there before, "I want to tell you, Daddy Jim, that I never saw anything like the thing these old engines did to-night. You know that if they had stopped once, it would have—"

Jim interrupted him. "No, Harry," he said calmly, pointing out of the window to the motionless bulk of the transformers. "There's what saved Sonny. Don't you see? If they'd broken or burned out—"

There was a proud yet humble tranquility in Jim's eyes. "I was wrong, Harry," he went on. "To-night has shown me that there is something good in those transformers, and if you still want me to be chief oper—"

Harry's grip on the lean old fingers stopped him. "Want you? Why, Daddy," Harry's voice, high with elation, was hushed suddenly. "If I could only save your old engines!"

Jim shook his head. "No, Harry," he said. "Don't you see? They've finished their work just as I'd want them to finish it. Here."

He crossed the silent room to his desk, picked up the report that lay there and held it out. On the line after the word "Remarks" he had

written in upstanding characters that were just a little prouder and just a little more humbly triumphant than those on any other report in the past twenty-two years: "Service was maintained without interruption."—*Youth's Companion.*

## BASKET-BALL.

Probably no game of physical exercise ever has enjoyed the rapid popularity of basket-ball. Its inventor is still living and is not an old man. He is Dr. James Naismith, now an instructor at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, and he invented the game in 1891.

The rules of the game have been changed but little since they were first written. Few persons know of the origin of the game, many supposing it to be as old or older than football.

Dr. Naismith invented the game while he was instructor in the Y. M. C. A. training school in Springfield, Mass. There was no similar game up to that time and the credit of inventing a game to take place of outdoor sports in winter months belongs solely to him.

Dr. Naismith gives the following account of how he came to give the world a new pastime:

"During the winter of 1891, about eighteen of the young men in training at Springfield, became tired of the regular gymnastic work and refused to attend the general athletic classes, unless something was done to make it more worth their while.

"The matter was discussed at faculty meeting and nothing was decided. I determined to invent a game that could be played in a gymnasium and still give the men the incentive of a real game.

"After several failures I worked out thirteen rules of a game to be played with an association football. These thirteen rules embody the main features of basket-ball today. The only new thing that has been added is the free throw."

Dr. Naismith himself published the first rules in "The Triangle," a publication at that time devoted to sports. In this explanation the inventor said:

"Basketball is a game not merely intended for amusement, but it is an attempted solution of a problem that has been pressing upon physical educators. Most of the games played outdoors are unsuitable for indoor use, and when the season closes the benefits derived for the outdoor games, with all the benefits derived therefrom, are first to introduce basketball outside the Y. M. C. A. training school. When these men went home on their Easter vacations they taught the new game in their homes. The game soon became a national sport.

In the first year of the game nine were used on a team, but this number was reduced to five the following year. Some of Dr. Naismith's predictions about his game made in 1892 are interesting in the light of later happenings which bore out of his prophecies:

"I believe the games should be played with signals. By the use of signals the man with the ball would be able to let his team mates know just where he was expecting to throw the ball, without letting his opponent know the play. I look to see the playing of basketball reduced to a science in the next few years. With the erection of capacious halls in the West, the game will become even more popular than football, on account of the limited expenses of transporting teams."

So far there has never been a game invented that has kept its original form and prospered like basketball has. Every other sport of national character has been developed slowly through years of evolution, but basketball sprang full-fledged into public favor and athletic greatness.

Dr. Naismith is a Scotch Canadian and is very fond of strenuous sports. He was a well known player of lacrosse. Dr. Naismith was physical director at the University of Kansas for many years, coming to that school in 1898. He is at present a teacher hygiene and physical training.

Basket ball derived its name from the improvised goals made of peach baskets which were at first

used. Many of Dr. Naismith's friends insisted that he should call the new game, "Naismith ball," but the inventor preferred the name of basketball. So the game went down in history and now it is classed as one of the three leading sports of America, while its inventor is unknown even in name to the millions of spectators who admire the game.

There were many conditions that the new game must fulfill and Dr. Naismith realized the demands he must fill. The game should be one in which many players could compete at once, and it must be able to be played on any kind of a floor. It must afford exercise to all parts of the body. He realized that the success of the game depended on its attractiveness.

Another condition that was considered was that the game must be free from that roughness that has always been such a strong argument against football. The success of football encouraged the use of a ball, but the ball must be soft, to avoid injury to the players.

It was easily seen that the game must be easy to learn. The kind of goals furnished a perplexing problem. At first the ball was thrown at a spot on the wall, but this was soon altered after a few windows were broken. Then the ball was dropped on spots painted on the floor, but this also proved unsatisfactory and was discontinued, because the men could so easily block the ball. Later the ball was thrown in peach baskets upside down. The baskets later were changed to the right side up.—*Kansas Star.*

## PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, 1450 Belmont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A. M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and B-verley Streets. Service second Sun. ay, 8 P. M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A. M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Bute Streets. Service, Second Sunday, 10:30 A. M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 8:30 P. M.

Services by Appointment.—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton. West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 3100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore.—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P. M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P. M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P. M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P. M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P. M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P. M.

Prayer in Charge, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P. M.

Frederick.—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A. M.

Hagerstown.—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P. M.

Cumberland.—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P. M.

Other Places by Appointment.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M. A., D. D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A. M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesday, 2:00 P. M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P. M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P. M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend.—Tell and bring your friends.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, Missionary, 2226 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

First Sunday, Holy Communion, 8:30 P. M.

Last Sunday, Litany and sermon, 8:30 P. M.

Other Sundays, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:30 P. M.

Bible Class, Every Sunday, 2:30 P. M.

## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1535 Street and St. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Spoken copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS

### BAUGHMAN TAKES SAFETY STAND

WILL OPPOSE ISSUING AUTOMOBILE LICENSES TO DEFECTIVE HEARING PERSONS.

"I will oppose by every means in my power the proposed issuance of operators' licenses to deaf-mutes in Maryland, or even to persons whose aural defects make them unsuitable automobile drivers."

"Also, if licensed auto drivers from the other States come to Maryland and are found to be defective in sight, speech or hearing, I shall require them to provide drivers for their cars while here."

This is the ultimatum of Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, E. Austin Baughman, in answer to the movement instituted by deaf-mutes of Maryland for equal rights with the unafflicted in operation of automobiles.

Commissioner Baughman added: Naturally, I sympathize with the afflicted ones, but my duty to the motoring public will not permit sympathy to outweigh the demands of safety."

"Persons whose hearing is gone or whose hearing is seriously affected, cannot be considered safe operators of motor vehicles. There is nothing to it. They will not be permitted to drive in Maryland."

In this connection the Commissioner displayed a letter written by Herbert W. Collingwood, editor of a New York magazine and him self a deaf-mute, which defends the position of Baughman.

"It would not be fair to other motorists for deaf-mutes to drive cars," he writes to William L. Dill, of New Jersey.

"And if I were to seek the privilege, I know my family would oppose my application by every means in their power."—Frederick, Md., Post, December 5th, 1924.

Takes Issue With Baughman In Stand On Deaf Operators.

PROF. BJORLEE REPLIES TO MOTOR COMMISSIONER IN LICENSE CONTROVERSY.

Making a plea in behalf of the deaf and asking that they be permitted to operate automobiles in Maryland, Prof. Ignatius Bjorlee, Superintendent of the Maryland State School, this city, today in a statement takes issue with Motor Vehicle Commissioner Baughman. The latter early this week declared that deaf persons would not be given licenses to drive automobiles in Maryland.

Prof. Bjorlee says that this works an injustice to non-hearing persons, that they are more careful drivers than hearing persons and that for the Commissioner to put his ruling into effect will work a hardship on the deaf, whose vocational callings will be interfered with to a very serious extent.

Prof. Bjorlee's statement follows: "A deaf gentlemen and leading architect in one of the cities in the Middle West, made the statement to me some time ago, that the greatest hardship of his was not the fact of his being deaf, but that his capabilities were underrated by hearing people. The statement made by Automobile Commissioner Baughman as printed in Monday's News, proves the above statement. For in the matter of driving an automobile, it is not deafness which is the handicap, but the lamentable lack of understanding on the part of those in authority which deprives the deaf of their right to use the public highways.

"As taxpayers, the deaf have a right to demand that that they be given a fair hearing. Last summer there were hundreds of deaf men touring through the State of Maryland who naturally did not attract

attention, for no one could detect in their driving that they were deaf and there were no occasions for stopping any of them as a law violator. In fact their cautious manner, which has been instilled in their mind since childhood, makes them better drivers than the average hearing person. No one can deny that when driving in a closed car, one cannot be guided by sounds, and if travelling on the right side of the road at a proper speed, a mirror will serve every purpose so far as cars approaching from the rear are concerned. When cars approach from the left or the right they will be detected more readily by a deaf driver than by hearing persons. The superiority of observation on the part of the deaf being responsible for this.

Just why the problem of speech should be made a requirement is even more absurd. Our deaf of today are taught a certain amount of speech and lip reading, hence, a great many of them can make themselves understood by spoken words; but for accurate communication all of the deaf resort to written language and have a pad and pencil ever at hand. Foreigners who did not know the English language and cannot read caution signs are not considered a menace to the roads, and yet our deaf because of an inability to articulate clearly are discriminated against.

### HAMPERS VOCATION.

"If pleasure driving was the only point to consider, the question might not be so vital. But the State is expending a fair sum of money to make the deaf self-supporting citizens and the Automobile Commissioner's office places a restriction in the way of the deaf, which hampers them in the pursuit of their vocation. Truck farming, for instance, cannot now be successfully carried on without the use of a motor vehicle. A number of deaf have positions requiring that they inspect plants in various parts of the State, a work which cannot be done on an equal footing with hearing competitors so long as the deaf men are deprived of their right to use an automobile.

"The burden of proof rests with the Commissioner's office. We feel certain that in proportion to the number who traveled Maryland roads last summer, the deaf hold a lower record in the matter of casualties than do the hearing. In fact it is interesting that the Commissioner does not point to a single case of first hand information wherein a deaf driver, due solely to his deafness, was responsible for an accident. We know of certain mollycoddles among the deaf who are fondled and pampered by the members of their families to the extent that private tutors are engaged in preference to letting them receive regular instruction at the schools. We do not know Mr. Herbert W. Collingwood, of New York, a deaf gentleman who writes that members of his family would not permit him to drive a car, but we also doubt whether or not the members of his family will permit him to leave the house alone after dark. To our personal knowledge he is out of step with 99 per cent. of the deaf and not worthy of being quoted by the Commissioner's office when the testimony of hundreds of deaf drivers in neighboring States with many years of experience to their credit, can be called to testify.

"The deaf are not seeking pity or charity, nor do they need it. All they demand is justice and fair play, and certainly they ought to receive this at the hands of State officials."—Frederick, Md., News, Dec. 17.

SUPPORTS CONTENTION OF PROFESSOR BJORLEE IN REFERENCE TO DEAF PERSONS OPERATING AUTOMOBILES.

Frederick, Md., Post

I have read with much interest a statement reproduced in last Wednesday's News, in which Professor Ignatius Bjorlee, Superintendent of the Maryland State School, refutes arguments advanced by Motor Vehicle Commissioner Baughman opposing the issue of automobile licenses to the deaf.

Being in possession of facts relating to methods followed in other States requiring licenses, you will perhaps allow me to support Professor Bjorlee's stand in the matter by quoting the same. Connecticut and Massachusetts are the leading states in the country in the matter of organized traffic protection. Connecticut provided a special fund for tests and experimentation by its Motor Vehicle Commissioner, Hon. Robbins Stockel, and as a result the experience and records of that State occupied a large place in the deliberations of the Conference on Street and Highway Safety at Washington early this week. Hon. Frank Goodwin, Registrar of Motor Vehicles for the State of Massachusetts, also is an eminent authority on the subject, as is also Hon. Benjamin Eynon, Commissioner of Pennsylvania.

In an address before the Safety Congress of the National Safety Council held in Louisville, Kentucky, on October 3d, Commissioner Stockel told how Connecticut handles this subject. Under the head of physical defects, he said:

"There are people who are entirely deaf; others who cannot hear in one ear; still others who have one leg only, or one arm only. For each of these cases the test is bound to be whether, notwithstanding the physical infirmity from which the intended operator suffers, he can operate the car as well, by compensation of senses, or adjustment of machinery, as he could if he had the sense unimpaired or the member which is gone."

To an inquiry made of Registrar Goodwin as to possible legislation in Massachusetts inimical to the many deaf drivers he has licensed in that State, he replied as follows:

"So far as this State is concerned, it makes no difference whether a person can hear or not as to whether a license shall be issued. In analyzing thousands of accidents we have never yet found one that could definitely be traced to the failure of the operator to be able to hear properly. If there is any bill in the Legislature I shall oppose it."

G. E. Wellington, chief clerk of the Automobile Department of the State Board of Public Roads of Rhode Island:

"I would state that this department does not necessarily regard deafness as a bar to the obtaining of a license to operate motor vehicles. All cases of deafness are taken upon their merits, certain tests applied and if satisfactorily met the applicant is issued a license, with the safeguard that he is required to have a mirror or reflector so adjusted that he may be able to see traffic approaching from his rear."

Commissioner Harnett, of New York, recently sent out identical orders to all his district directors authorizing them to waive a previous order requiring a person with good eyesight and hearing to accompany deaf drivers, to whom licenses were previously issued without other restriction. This waiver merely requires the district directors to satisfy themselves that the deaf operators are careful and prudent operators.

It is well-known that Commissioner Benjamin Eynon has appointed a committee of totally deaf men in Pennsylvania to whom he refers all applications from deaf persons, and he accepts their recommendations as final in the matter of issuing licenses. Hundreds have been passed by this committee and others rejected on grounds sufficient to these real experts.

Last year the Commissioner of the District of Columbia, after a hearing of the matter, in which data and arrangements were presented, ordered the police department of Washington to withdraw its opposition to granting permits to deaf operators and to treat them in future without regard to their deafness.

As stated by Commissioner Baughman, there are only eight States where an examination is required to secure a permit to drive a motor car. Others license on mere application and with still others a tax certificate satisfies. With the exception of New Jersey and Maryland, every State in the Union permits deaf drivers to operate cars without distinction.

To Professor Bjorlee's presentation of facts, I may add that I have in my possession statements from practically every superintendent and principal of a school for the deaf in the United States, all declaring from their own experience the exceptional safety of the class as drivers are safer than those who depend at all on their hearing for protection and safeguarding from accidents. These men are experts; they can qualify as such in any court of law.

W. W. BEADELL,  
ARLINGTON, N. J., Dec. 20.

THOSE TRAINED TO LOOK FOR DANGER, SAYS THE WRITER, ARE LIKELY ON THAT VERY ACCOUNT TO AVOID RUNNING INTO IT.

Baltimore Sun, Dec. 20.

A clipping from the Sun apprises me of an effort now being made in Maryland by various organizations of the deaf to secure ordinary justice at the hands of the Motor Vehicle Department of the State. Having devoted several years to the gathering of data on the subject and having taken part in the campaign that resulted in securing justice for the class in Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, will you permit me to present a few facts that may help the public to reach its own conclusions in the matter?

The Maryland Commissioner is quoted as saying that granting licenses to the deaf in your State would result in an increase of accidents. In Massachusetts, where no prohibition is exercised, Registrar Frank Goodwin, by request, had his well-kept records thoroughly searched and reported that not a single instance could be found of an accident attributable to deafness.

Commissioner Robbins Stockel, of Connecticut, made the same report. In Pennsylvania private persons combed the records and were unable to find a case of deafness as the cause of an accident.

Colonel Baughman further cites contingencies under which hearing is alleged to be essential. First, he

quoted the State law requiring drivers to draw to the side of the road to allow the passing of cars from the rear when they signal with horns. Since a deaf driver depends on his sight alone, watching his mirror is second nature to him, and he knows of a passing car much quicker than does the driver of a lumbering, roaring truck.

As to the fire apparatus danger quoted by the commissioner, the whole appearance of a street changes when fire apparatus approaches. Trolleys stop as far as the sight can perceive, all vehicles run to the side of the streets; the curb immediately becomes lined with pedestrians, all looking in one direction. Any deaf man who has been afflicted long enough to have trained himself to deafness, or any congenitally deaf person, knows all about this. If anywhere a deaf driver ever has been run down by fire apparatus and the accident was due to his deafness alone, he has been the exception to a well established rule.

A mawkish attitude has been assumed in certain quarters that the deaf should be protected from grade crossing accidents. Let us analyze the proposition. For several months I kept tabs on crossing horrors where details were given. Uniformly in such cases the reporters stated that the drivers did not see the locomotive approaching. Buildings obstructed, truck came out off the view, in one case side curtains were up to prevent a sight of the approaching train. But it was the lack of sight the danger in every case that furnished the explanation. Why did not the drivers stop at the crossings if they could not see? Because all their lives they had heard approaching trains and had depended upon that hearing for their protection. The newspaper reporters assumed that obstructions to sight alone were to blame; but these same obstructions cut off sound as well as sight, and to what extent the hospital and morgue records reveal.

Now, Mr. Editor, isn't it the simplest proposition in the world that a deaf man who all his life, or a large part of it, has been able to detect the approach of a locomotive only by gazing up and down the tracks is not going to abandon that method of self protection against death in a particularly objectionable form the moment he gets behind a steering wheel? Why should he? His responsibility for care is vastly increased by the mechanism placed in his control. His proportionate chances of getting caught on a crossing are very greatly reduced by the single circumstance of his deafness.

But admitting the whole indictment for the sake of argument, how explain the attitude of every hearing person, who through association has become thoroughly familiar with the deaf as a class? I have in my possession resolutions adopted (1) by the American Association of Instructors of the Deaf—a national organization covering every State school for the deaf in the country; (2) by the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf (founded by the late Alexander Graham Bell); and (3) the Conference of Superintendents of Schools for the Deaf—each and every one of which deprecates in the strongest language the discrimination being exercised against the deaf in New Jersey and Maryland. And to add to this I have interviews with practically every superintendent and principal of such schools in the country, in which they condemn this discrimination and tell of their personal experiences and knowledge of the deaf as careful drivers.

W. W. BEADELL,  
ARLINGTON, N. J., Dec. 15.

Ejects Deaf-Mutes for Noisy Arguments.

BERLIN BEER HALL PROPRIETOR BANISHES BAND FROM CELLAR HEADQUARTERS

BERLIN, Jan. 3.—Because they made too much noise Berlin's deaf and dumb have been ejected from their historic gathering place, "Deaf Mutes' Cellar," on Alexander Platz. For years they had met there to play cards, carry out business deals, and discuss politics in their sign language.

The proprietor of the cellar was moved to eject the mutes because of the complaint that they gave vent to their differences of opinion by sounds which they could not hear, but which annoyed other patrons of the beer hall. Their argument often was reinforced by a banging of staves and the beating of fists on the tables and even the hurling of chair.

The proprietor, while he appreciated the business of the mutes, found they were a losing proposition, as other customers refused to continue their patronage unless the boisterous men were removed.

"Deaf Mutes' Cellar" got its name during the World War, when the deaf and dumb were in great demand as skilled workers, because all other able-bodied men were in the trenches. The mutes then commanded fabulous wages, and the proprietor of the Alexander Platz Beer Cellar, with business instinct, gladly set aside a big table for them.—N. Y. Times, January 4.

## CHICAGO.

Down where the wave-rippled Wabash flows,  
And friends and fraters forget their woes  
We're going to laugh and gather;  
We're going to go by bus and train  
To feed our stummiks and feast our brains—  
Warm friends in this wintry weather.  
Come, join our fun in your Sunday hat  
Whether or not you are a frat.

The frats of this section of the country will gather in South Bend, Indiana (seat of Notre Dame University) on Saturday, January 31st, for a big "Fraternal." Gibson, the "Grant Old Frat," and the popular Grand Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts, will both accompany a party from Chicago—fare \$6.00 each way—while Grand President H. C. Anderson will journey up in the chartered bus with the Indianapolis lads, who are giving the "Fraternal."

The affair opens with a banquet at seven o'clock that night, in the Oliver Hotel—\$2 per plate, reserve plates in advance from Ben B. Berg, 1102 N. Olive Street, South Bend, Indiana. Toastmaster Hefford Hetzler is arranging a nice program. Everybody welcomed, whether a frat or not. Conferences and gatherings, etc., Sunday.

The Chicago delegation leaves at 1:45 that afternoon, over the New York Central. E. P. Gibson is arranging details from this end. Come on, brothers and friends, help make it a gala occasion.

The annual New Year's Eve jollifications were well attended. The Pas-a-Pas had "500" and bunco, followed by cats and jollifications. No hip-liquor in evidence.

A crowded house saw the Silent A. C. vaudeville program arranged by Cherry, Lee and Wondra—following which Johnnie Sullivan led the New Year jubilee. Lee's first local attempt as an amateur dramatic producer was much better than expected, despite difficulties. At least three of the following acts were really high class, and all were appreciated.

Talk—Arthur L. Roberts, Retiring President of the Club.

"The Flirt Dance"—Gus Boltz, Gwen Caswell, and Gussie Lieberman.

"UNBURNED WOMAN."

Mrs. Pokabout . . . Mrs. J. F. Meagher  
Mrs. Talkeet . . . Mrs. William O'Neill  
Mr. Bright . . . Ernest Craig  
Mrs. Gourend . . . Mrs. W. Barrow

"Dancing Harvest Hands"—Joe Wondra and Troupe.

A Monologue—Mrs. Edward McCarthy.

"BREAKING THE BROKER."

Mr. Swindlem, a broker, . . . Joe Wondra  
Mr. Hayseed, a prospective investor, . . . Stephen Cherry  
Flossie Flapper, a stenographer . . . Gwen Caswell  
Joe Scribble, a clerk, . . . Waite Vaughan  
Messenger Boy . . . Naddie Meagher

"Magazine Cover Revue," a surprise novelty—Stephen Cherry and Company.

"Fatima and the Sheikh"—Joe Wondra and Christine Hartel.

"Behind the Scenes"—Joe Wondra, Stephen Cherry, Mrs. Petrimolz, Gussie Lieberman, Flora Hertzberg, Christine Hartel.

"The Battle of He-Men"—Louis Cosentino vs. Harry Cooperman; Otto Mallman vs. Mennen Kumsa.

The annual frat division installation and "open house" at the Silent A. C., on New Year's, saw the following officers installed: President, Charles Kemp; Vice-President, Charles Friday; Secretary, Ernest Craig; Treasurer, Harry Keesal; Director, Oscar Pearson; Sergeant, Frank Raymond; Assistant-Sergeant, Edwin Stafford; and the addition of Abe Migatz to the board of trustees—David Padden and C. C. Codman being holdovers.

This marks the retirement of Morton Henry—president of the division for the past four years. In all the 23 years of No. 1's existence, only two men have served as president for more than one term—both boys presiding two years each—so Henry's record-breaking career is phenomenal. Henry combines that rare tact, fairness, sincerity and ability, which makes a successful executive, and the division is much stronger by reason of his reign. Henry declined to stand for reelection.

Robey Burns and a bunch of boys saw the Annapolis cadets defeat the University of Chicago at basketball, on the 26th.

The Christmas season always brings a big outpouring of silents from small towns. Seven came from Dubuque, Iowa—where it is said forty silents are employed in the Brunswick-Blake-Collider factory. Among them were seen Barney Data, Sweet, Rlordan and Rhinehart. Asking about wages there, I was informed that work is steady, the price in demand, and the highest priced silents get \$50 to \$70 per. "Per what—per week?" I asked, for newspapermen has been stung so often they instinctively hunt the nigger in the woodpile. Sure enough. "No; per pay check for two weeks," I was told. Further inquiry elicited the information that deaf men there make \$12 to \$35 per week—depending on degree of skill, and class of work.

Data states the Dubuque silents are making a success of their National Building and Loan Association of the Deaf—a mutual cooperative savings and loan institution for the deaf and their families, chartered by

the state of Iowa. Half-million capital stock, in 5000 shares of \$100 each. All but one of the officers and directors are deaf. Starting last August, they already have 101 shares fully paid for.

The usual series of Christmas trees came off as scheduled. Herman Kohn, of Akron, proved the best "Santa," coming down squarely in the cardboard fireplace on the stage, and squashing it in a comical manner which would have made a hit on the film. Kohn also gave a lot of his friends small boxes of candy—several dozen in all—purchased with his own funds. Israel Zimmerman was chairman of the evening, and under his management the Sac provided each member and his family with some small remembrance in the shape of edibles.

Herman Witte served as Santa at All Angels' parish house, and Gilbert Erickson at the Pas-a-Pas.

Ernest Craig's "Tennis Boys' Bunco" at the Sac on the 20th, saw 20 tables of bunco and eight of "500."

Bishop Griswold confirmed the old Blairs and Warner the sailor, at All Angels' on the 21st.

The Christmas issue of the *Arkansas Optic*, printed by the state school there, under direction of instructor John E. Purdum—remembered as the four years straight president of the Pas-a-Pas club, and a tireless worker in the interests of deaf of America—is a creditable piece of printing. Evidently "Parson" Purdum made good there—as always.

Two Detroit ladies sojourned here during the holiday week—Mr. Petrimolz and Miss Chapin. Among other visitors during the holidays were the Snyders and Robey Burns of Jacksonville; Dan Tellier, secretary of the Kalamazoo frat; the Fernald Offerles of Elgin; and Van Lewis of Springfield.

Elmer Disz spent a week-end in Louisville; where he called on frat vice-president, John Mueller.

Francis P. Gibson, "The Grand Old Frat," addressed a splendid banquet of the brothers of the splendid Omaha frat division recently. "I had a thoroughly nice trip—nice time with nice people," Gibson put it.

Mrs. Roy Grimes and Mrs. W. McCann both gave parties on January second.

Mrs. C. Kemp gave a dinner party to a bunch of her eldest sons friends on New Year's Eve.

J. J. Buell, brother of Horace Buell and Mrs. Fred Woodworth, is back with The Fair in Chicago, coming from New York, where he served as Vice-President of McCree's dry goods store. The Fair is the second largest department store in the West and has been making great headway lately, so Buell's position—he is the second highest official in the establishment—has attractive possibilities.

Frederick Neesam, delivered a splendid reading of Gen. Lew Wallace's "The Fair God," before the Pas-a-Pas on the 27th. It was Neesam's first local appearance since his elevation to the first vice-presidency of the N. S. F. D. last summer.

Old Edwin Brashar, 86, is in a state of coma, and death is momentarily expected.

Dates ahead. Jan. 27—Knights and Ladies of De l'Epée ball and entertainment at the Sac—benefit of Eppheta school. January 31—Annual ball, frat No. 1, at Sac. Also the South Bend "Fraternal."

THE MRAERS.

## DETROIT.

[News items for this column may be sent to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 1738 Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.]

While the Christmas Carols were played by the chimes in the churches and the girl scouts sang Carols about Detroit, about fifty children and babies of the deaf parents thrilled as they sat before a wonderful lighted Christmas tree in the hall of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, Christmas eve, and a Santa Claus (Shuggart) appeared at the sign greeting of "Merry Christmas" the gasps of astonishment and awe were many, and none was overcome by fright. When the children's first thrills had subsided somewhat, Santa called them to come to him to receive the toys and candies. Santa handed them out personally.

The deaf set the good example of putting the religious side of the Christmas festival in the foreground. Christmas is a holiday to celebrate the birth of Christ, and not just for an opportunity to give and receive presents. The deaf enjoyed the carols, recited by some ladies. Mrs. Thos. J. Kenney opened the program by reciting "On That Night of Long Ago;" Mrs. Rollins followed with "O'er the Bethlehem Hills," and last but not least Mrs. Lobsingers signed "The Fir Tree."

Every body had thus far proved herself and himself to be gay and full of interest. The Committee, Mr. Heymansson and Mr. Lobsingers, are to be congratulated for the success of the Christmas festival.

Barrel of apples, oranges, nuts, and candies were given among those who attended. That evening

was the Spirit of Christmas, which means, as the poet Longfellow adapted the Bible words, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."

The early part of the week brought some of the younger set back from schools to visit their parents. Two sons of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Waters are home at Royal Oak, from the Michigan School for the Deaf.

For the benefit of the Los Angeles Club Building one of the Los Angeles hustlers sent the writer twenty calendars at twenty-five cents per calendar, and they were sold at the D. A. D. Hall like "Hot Cakes." The lucky owners of the calendars were: J. J. Hellers, Purviance, Kenny, Huhn, Orstein, Herring, B. Beaver, Taylor, Ziespie, Fielding, McCarthy, Beckett, Glaze, Walker, Crough, Heymansson, Mrs. Engel, and Mrs. Schneider.

DEAF-MUTES.

Are the children of a man whose parents were both deaf-mutes liable to be deaf-mutes? This man himself is normal, as were his three brothers and sisters, and the woman he is to marry has a normal family history and is herself normal. (P. C. T.)

Answer—No.

The above article appeared in the column of Dr. Brady's Daily Health Talk in the Detroit News of December 9th.

The following is taken from the Detroit News of December 31st:

Miss Helen Keller, probably the most amazing blind woman of the age, is to be the guest of Detroit from January 19th to 21st.

Her purpose is to tell the story of how she overcame the barrier of blindness, deafness and silence, which seemed destined to cut her off forever from the world, and by so doing focus attention on the work of the American Foundation for the Blind.

Charles C. Warren, former ambassador to Mexico, accepted Monday the chairmanship of the general committee which will have charge of Miss Keller's visit, and Mrs. Henry B. Joy will head the women's committee.

Miss Keller's Detroit stay, which will include two large receptions, probably at the Detroit Athletic Club, an appearance before the Junior league at its annual meeting, and conclude with a meeting at Orchestra hall on Wednesday evening, January 21st, is part of a coast-to-coast trip on which she is speaking in 50 of the leading cities of the United States and Canada.

There are more than 80,000 totally blind persons in the United States. Including the partially blind the number is estimated at 100,000. There are 7,000 in Canada.

Miss Vera Chapman and Mrs. George Petrimolz went to Chicago, to spend New Year with friends.

Claude Ozier left a week ago for Memphis, Tenn., to pay a visit with his mother. He is expected to be back, the 5th of January.

C. Beach and family went to Port Huron, Mich., to spend the holidays with the folks.

Sam Rubin went to Chicago some time ago to be with his parents during the holidays.

Don't forget the business meeting of the Detroit Chapter, M. A. D., January 25th, at the G. A. R. Building.

The Ladies' Guild will hold its 1925 business meeting, January 7th.

With the flurry of the holidays past, the societies are resuming the usual tenor of their way. The January program offers a variety of interesting topics and a number of well known speakers.

The election of the officers of the D. A. D. was held, December 12th. The result was: F. McCarthy, President; I. Heymansson, First Vice-President; Thos. J. Kenney, Second Vice-President; Mr. McArdle, Secretary, and J. J. Hellers, Treasurer, re-elected.

The new officers of the Division, No. 2, N. S. F. D., are: Thos. J. Kenney, President; George Davies, Vice-President; W. Carl, Secretary; and Ralph Huhn, Treasurer.

John Ulrich, a deaf hockeyist, it is real news to report, that he has asked to be allowed to play in amateur ranks this season. His friends hope his case is hopeful.

A hearing friend informed me that the perfection of a method of communication for deaf persons, by which they will "feel" the spoken word and sentence, is the object of experiment now being conducted at Gallaudet College by some expert Professors. Will the Gallaudet correspondent of the JOURNAL enlighten us about the above?

MRS. C. C. C.

My place! How feebly do we cling  
To glory and the strength we boast?  
Always there lies the shadowing  
Of one who soon will take our post;  
Behind us he is pressing on  
Although we never see his face,  
That eager, younger, stronger one  
Destined some day to take our place.  
—Edgar A. Guest.

Measure not age by years, but by spirit. How many youthful ones there are at 70—how many aged ones there are at 30!—Long Beach Press Telegram.

It is a bitter pill to swallow when you have to take back what you have said and a black eye to boot.

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 140 Madison St., New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### THE 39TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

On Saturday evening, January 3d, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League observed the 39th anniversary of the founding of the organization, at "The Vienna," 133 East 58th Street.

In the large ball room of the establishment chairs were arranged for three hundred, the number expected to attend. On a raised platform, where all could see, selected vaudeville performers entertained the members and their guests.

The vaudeville talent was engaged by the committee appointed by the Board of Governors, and comprised of Messrs. Samuel Frankenheim, Samuel Lowenherz and Moses W. Loew.

The Colonial Orchestra, under the direction of Director L. W. Joy, provided the music part of the program.

It would take too much time and space to describe each act of the performers. Sufficient to say, they were appointed especially to entertain the silent gathering, and in this, they succeeded.

The numbers were:—George Warwick—Cheery Chalk Talk.

Charles De Camo and "Cora," the Wonder Dog.

Eddie Clarke, the juggling Comedian.

Horton and La Triska, Internationally Famous.

There was also an added attraction "by our own," Mr. Norman Magnus, who did some Jig Dancing and was applauded for his efforts.

The chairs were then removed from the spacious ball room, and dancing was indulged in.

At 11:15 P.M., an added special feature was the Danseuse Extraordinaire of Lovers. She appeared twice, first in her toe dance, which was up to the standard of those seen on any stage, and her second appearance, a few minutes later in her Serpentine, or Snake dance, in which her hands, arms, legs as well as her whole body functioned, a very difficult feat indeed. The assemblage around the hall heartily applauded her.

At about 12:30, all adjourned to the banquet hall below, where thirty tables, each seating ten persons, were all occupied.

Following is the Menu:

Supreme of Fruit		
Consomme Julienne		
Olives	Celery	Gerkins
French Kennebec Salmon	Sauce Tartare	
Tongue de Boeuf		
Sauce Polonaise	Candied Sweet Potato	
Roast Philadelphia Capon		
Spring Sauce	(Carrots and Peas)	
Salade de Saison		
Ice Cream		
Assorted Cakes		Cafe Noir

There wasn't any attempt at after dinner speechifying, but just the same enough was said by the few speakers to enlighten all concerning the event they had gathered to celebrate.

President Emanuel Souweine, as toastmaster, briefly told of the early struggles to the present prosperity of the organization, and then introduced Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, one of the founders of the organization and chairman of the evening celebration. Mr. Frankenheim also briefly told of the club's first effort at celebration 37 years ago—an oyster supper, and then kept up the custom each year, and how this year they nearly came to give up the celebration by an oversight on the part of the proprietor of another place than "The Vienna," and how eight days ago they had arranged for tonight's celebration. The next speaker was Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer, and he only spoke a few words of the organization, which he helped to organize in 1886, and then extended greetings to all.

Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, an honorary member, was the next and last speaker, and he was loud in his praise to the members who built up the organization, and also to the present management, which he considered as excellent as that of any hearing organization of similar object and purpose.

Dancing was resumed in the ball room upstairs; some left for home, but those who remained certainly had the time of their lives.

So here ends the 39th annual observance of the founding of the leading organization in New York, which will long linger in the memory of those who were present.

Several congratulatory despatches were received, but not read, due to lateness of the hour, among them, from Mr. Emil Basch, now in Liberty, N. Y., and Mr. William G. Gilbert, of Amityville, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes has returned to New York after a stay of two weeks at Atlantic City.

## NEW YEAR EVE

On December 31st, about 150 attended the "Watch Night" party at St. Ann's for Deaf-Mutes, at 511 West 148th Street. Various games were played. Refreshments were sold. At exactly 12 o'clock (midnight) the fun began, and lasted some time.

The rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League on New Year's Eve were almost deserted.

Several social and card parties were held at the various homes of our silents on December 31st.

Those known to have entertained, as far as is known, are the following:

Miss Sadie Lederer.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Malloy.  
Mr. Garrison.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sanford.  
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Meisel.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Weinberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix A. Simonson.  
Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller.  
Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew.

Several of the deaf are known to have attended the great ball at Madison Square Garden, but to mention a few would be an injustice to others, who also were present.

In honor of their guests, Mrs. Elmer E. Hannan, of Washington, D. C., who with Mr. Hannan has been their holiday guest, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McManis entertained, at their home, 157 West 105th Street, on Friday evening, January 2d. A pleasing evening's program was arranged with the usual bountiful collation. There were present Miss Lella Thompson, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Harry P. Kane, Mrs. Osmond Loew, Mrs. F. A. Simonson, Mrs. Katherine Meinken, Miss Celia Travers, Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Morris, and Messrs. O'Rourke, Paeh, Chagdon, and Fitzgerald.

Mr. Hannan was obliged to leave on Saturday, January 3d, to attend to business matters in Washington, D. C., but Mrs. Hannan will remain as guest of Mr. and Mrs. McManis for a few weeks.

On December 14th, 1924, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Catherine E. Nebel, nee Mueller, wife of William F. Nebel, died at the age of 75 years. He was buried at Evergreen Cemetery, from the home of her son, Frank Nebel, December 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Nebel had been married fifty-four years, and this is their first separation. She leaves, besides her husband, four sons and a daughter. Our heartfelt sympathy is tendered the bereaved family.

Readers who know Dr. Hyman J. Lipshitz, beloved brother-in-law of Mrs. Julius Seandel, will be saddened to learn that he passed away suddenly on the 28th of December, from Angina Pectoris (heart attack). The doctor knew how to talk very well with the deaf, and those who called at his dental office professionally also regret his passing away, for they had learned to like him.

Mr. Fernando J. Labrie, of New Bedford, Mass., left Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where he used to live. He likes to live there with his parents, but will soon return to Mt. Vernon and to his old job at the Westchester Lighting Company, as the cotton mills in New Bedford, Mass., have slackened down. He attended the Frat Dance, in Boston, on December 27th.

Mr. John C. Dolph, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is taking a linotype course in this city, was an interested visitor at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League on New Year's Day.

On Saturday evening, January 31st, Rev. John H. Kent will give in graphic signs, for which he is famous, the story of "Judas," at Hays's Hall, Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., for the benefit of the Jersey City Division, No. 91, N. F. S. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Ardine Rembeck have announced the marriage of two of their daughters, Stella Irene to Mr. George R. LaBrade, and Ruth Helen to Mr. Joseph B. Carter, on Saturday, the 6th of December, 1924.

Among others to visit the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on New Year's Day, was Miss Mary Stein, of Madison, Wis.

### Ten Commandments of Business

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods. Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic—it is contagious. Do not have the notion that success means simply money-making.

Be fair, and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

Honor the chief. There must be a head to every thing.

Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.—*South Dakota Advocate.*

## Canadian Clippings.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs. A. C. Shepherd went down to see her only son, now at the Belleville School, with whom she spent the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Alex. Buchan, Jr., gave his home folks a pleasant surprise, by coming down from Chicago, and dropped in upon them unaware at Christmas. He spent a few pleasant days here.

Mr. Lewis Ireland, of Brace Bridge, was in the city at Christmas time, while on his way to spend the Yuletide down at Trenton and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray gave a Christmas dinner to a number of their relatives on the 25th. Those present were the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGillivray, of Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Squirrel, and daughter, Mildred, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts. All had a splendid time.

Mrs. and Mrs. Edward Pilgrim, of Niagara Falls, Ont., spent the Christmas holidays with relatives and friends here.

Mr. John B. Stewart enjoyed his Christmas dinner with his sisters in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Biswith-erick, of Sidney, Man., visited the latter's brother, Mr. Samuel Pugsley, on December 20th, and are now with relatives at Bridgeton, where they expect to stay for the winter.

Mr. Jack Skean, of Montreal, has secured work here and will stay for good.

There was no scheduled game at the Bridgeton Bowling Club on December 27th, but the Club had a social in its commodious room.

Miss Eva Jewell, Lindsay, and her sister, Miss Stella Jewell, who teaches school at Nickelton, in New Ontario, spent the Yuletide holidays with their sister, Miss Annette Jewell, who attends Normal School here. All three were interested visitors at our Church Social on December 30th.

Mrs. W. Hazlitt was out to her parents' home for a couple of days lately to see her father, who was not quite well. We trust he soon recovers.

Mr. Walter Brown, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., was a visitor to our fair city for two weeks during the happy Yuletide.

Mr. Gordon Griffith, a brother of Miss Ethel, was married on Christmas Day to Miss Julia Scollard, also of this city. They honey-mooned at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mr. Robert B. Wheeler, of Brampton, gave his mother and sisters a very pleasant surprise, by dropping in upon them unexpectedly, and remained with them over the Christmas holidays.

The Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf gave its quarterly social on December 30th, at its quarters, and we dare say it was a most successful event. Tea was served from 5 to 8 P.M., after which a pleasant program was carried out. Mr. A. W. Mason and Mrs. P. Fraser, two of the oldest deaf residents of Toronto, gave interesting narratives of old times and the growth of our silent population. Mr. J. R. Byrnes spoke on the great loss we had sustained by the death of the late Mr. Robert Mathison, M.A., and lauded him as the greatest superintendent, and counselor of the Belleville School ever had. Miss Annie Mathison and her sister, Miss Bella, who were present, were visibly touched by the great tribute paid their illustrious father, and the former made a very thankful and touching reply. She was accorded a great ovation.

Mr. John T. Shilton gave a short but humorous account of the closing year. Then came the selection of a place for our forthcoming annual picnic and the date. Queenstown, Port Dalhousie and Wabasso Beach were named, but Queenstown was overwhelmingly chosen. July 18th is the date. There were about 150 present, including many visitors.

Mr. James R. Orr, of Milverton, was in the city for a few days at Christmas.

Messrs. W. R. Watt and Colin McLean went out to Aurora and Brantford respectively on Mission errands on December 28th, and though it was decidedly cold, they had good meetings.

On December 28th, Mr. Frank E. Harris spoke on the way we should be prepared to meet the final summons that is due to come to all. Miss Isabel Thompson rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in graceful mien.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Algie Perry, of Norwich, on the arrival of a young girl, their second child, on December 2d. Mrs. Perry was formerly Miss Sarah Franklin, of Clear Creek.

On December 23d, Mr. Thom is A. Middleton and daughter, Miss Helen, of Horning Mills, took a cutter rider of twenty miles to Banda, where they had dinner at an old friend's place, then drove six miles further on to New Lowell, where Miss Middleton took train for Huntsville, while her father returned to Banda for the night, and then went home next day. On her way to Huntsville, Miss Middleton

stopped over at Barrie to see Mr. and Mrs. Ursula Johnson. We regret to say the latter is in very poor health, and has been confined to her bed for the past eleven months.

While on his way home from a visit to his parents in Toronto, Mr. Alex. Buchan, Jr., spent the week-end of December 27th with his sister, Mrs. John E. Crough, in Walkerville, before proceeding on to Chicago.

Her countless friends in Canada and elsewhere deeply sympathize with Mrs. Emil Gottlieb, of Detroit, on the death of her beloved and aged mother, but soon we'll meet again where there are no goodbyes.

Mr. John W. Oxtoby, who left Toronto on January 3d, for Detroit, now contemplates remaining there for good with his son.

The Mackay School at Montreal was damaged to the extent of \$40,000 by fire on December 28th, but all the pupils got out safely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cone, of Woodstock, enjoyed their Christmas turkey with the latter's married sister some miles out in the country.

Miss Grace Robinson of the Mackay School staff, Montreal, spent the Yuletide vacation with her parents in Kingston.

We are pleased to say that Miss Jennie Broom, of Woodstock, who met with a painful accident a few weeks ago, is now able to resume her work again.

A good many in Canada received Christmas greetings from their old friend and brother worker, Rev. A. H. Staubits, in Buffalo, and they would have replied, had he given us his address. We all greatly appreciate friend Staubits' most sincere greetings. Same to you, old boy.

Miss Hughes, who teaches in a public school near Kingston, was home to see her mother and sister, Mrs. Iva Hughes and Mrs. Ben Cone in Woodstock during the Yuletide recess.

### HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

#### Many Deaf, But Do Not Know It

Would you rather be blind than hopelessly deaf? Most persons would answer at once that they would rather be deaf. Ask Helen Keller or other blind deaf mutes. All will tell you that deafness is far worse, chiefly because conversation supplies word pictures that are easy to understand. And if you can't get word pictures you may as well quit the job of worthwhile living.

Did you ever notice that the blind person is almost always cheerful and optimistic? Did you ever notice that the deaf person is almost always morose and pessimistic? The reason is not difficult to find. When you talk to a blind man, you make him forget his troubles. When you talk to a deaf man, you are constantly reminding him of them, says *Popular Science Monthly*.

It has been ascertained that one out of every ten persons in the world has a defect in hearing in one or both ears! More than 100,000 persons in New York City alone are suffering from defects in hearing sufficient to handicap them either socially or economically. And conditions in New York are typical of those in other of our large cities.

Acute hearing is so commonplace that the majority of people appreciate it only when they have lost it. Contagious diseases are the most important causes of deafness, measles being responsible for deafness more than any other disease. Next in line comes scarlet fever. Another frequent cause is a neglected cold in the head. The accumulation of wax in the ears is likewise a cause of deafness.

It often happens that a person loses nine tenths of his hearing without knowing it; then there develops a little ringing noise, or a buzzing inside the head. The trouble may be due to a misplacement of the little bones in the middle ear, or to changes in the arteries of the internal ear. It never will be remedied until the cause is found and eliminated.

Many a person discovers he is deaf in one ear from the fact that when he lies in bed at night with the good ear against the pillow, he is deaf as a post to the ordinary noises around him. But does such a person ever inquire whether the hearing of the good ear is up to the mark? First he should test this ear with a watch. Unless he can hear the ticking of an ordinary watch six feet away, the chances are his hearing is defective. He should also be able to hear a whisper 20 feet away.—*Jersey Observer, N. J., Oct. 10, 1924.*

On Friday, January 2d, 1925, the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. S. F. D., installed their new officers. This division of the Fraternal Order is making rapid strides in advancement, and in the year 1925, a marked progress is predicted.

Innumerable people die young because they become old too young. Style kills more adults than improper food.

## EDUCATION IS LEARNING TO DO

Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior

What constitutes education is still an open question.

I am familiar with the definitions in the dictionary, both obsolete and modern. All of them are too brief to be adequate. Indeed, the varieties of education are so many that only principles could be cited.

Ability to make a living is the first necessity for an education. When a man can accomplish this he is educated to a degree. Qualifications of a person to adapt himself to the environment in which he finds himself, is the test of his intellectual equipment and might be termed his education.

So many different factors enter into an education of any sort. Character, mentality, and training, supported by willingness to serve, are the essentials. No man is great in history unless he was able and willing to serve with and for others. Human relations are fundamental to all other questions in this world. The Great Physician, after reciting law by negation, said: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." That thought proved to be the basic essential to civilized existence and the well-spring of education which in turn promotes civilization.

Any manual industry has its educational value. It trains the eye and the hand to work in unison, and through them the mind, to direct both.

There is an education in handling a team of horses—indeed, in making a horseshoe—and the lesson of service unavoidably learned. Service is applied education and should be its object. But there may be wide difference between a college education and its application. One is a tool; the other is its use. The one is the science of service; the other is the art of science applied. The art and science of education combined is the present-day need. It has suggested manual training schools, vocational training, the teaching of trades in the public schools. All in response to the latent realization that the purpose of education is that it shall first bring social independence and open the door to positions as high as the individual has adaptability to occupy.

Shakespeare, Burns, Lincoln, Rockefeller, Schwab, Hill, and a score of others, great men of their time, were not college men. College education is not enough. We should not depend upon it. College is an opportunity, but it will not be what goes into us in college, but what comes out of us after leaving college, that will fix our place in the world.

So many college graduates rest upon their diploma. Graduation does not mean one has finished. Commencement means that we have only been made ready to begin; to start out on life's journey qualified to look into the phases of life closed to our associates who were deprived of school privileges.

I once heard a man regret that he was unfamiliar with words he needed to express new thoughts that came to him. Words are tools for the mind, and familiarity with them can best come from schools and contact with schooled people. A college education should provide the vehicles for thought not open to men who have few words.

But they are not enough. Parrots can talk. The significance of words and their relation to each other is intellectual education raised to the 19th power, but this educated status is but the preliminary to the purpose of education. Except for teaching, its purpose is to lay a foundation upon which a developed superstructure may arise.

I would emphasize the importance of the habit of learning. The function of a teacher is to direct and correct. We should master something for ourselves. No mental discipline comes from being told a fact. That is hearsay. It is not our own and is worth only what the property of another may be. If we can read, the world is open to us; if we can write, we may convey our thoughts to others.

We should live a part of the time alone—get acquainted with ourselves. Appraise our own qualifications and strengthen the weak ones. Cultivate the habit of reflection; give our minds leisure to receive and record impressions clearly. Even the sensitized plate of a camera must have a time limit fixed to record the detail of impressions. The human mind must not only gather its impressions but record and analyze them also. It is not possible for the human mind ever to understand itself, but we do know its first impressions remain longest; that the character we establish in early life will be ours in old age and we must live with it, and dying, leave it as our tribute to the world.—*Arkansas Journal of Education.*

### Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.  
J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

## Gallaudet College.

All classes resumed work December 30th.

The following evening found the students assembled in Chapel for a Watch Party. They passed the hours between ten and midnight playing cards, and thus almost literally shuffled the old year out. At zero hour all was quiet. In a moment pandemonium broke loose—1925 had arrived, dressed in a fluttering garment of snow.

The men students vied with the co-eds on the eve of January 1, for supremacy in vaudeville art. They evidently had too much slap-stick, knock-'em-down, tripping comedy on the card, and lost. The co-eds, on the other hand, won the support of the judges with their short farce depicting love-winning through hypnotism. The winning combination consisted of Misses Kannappell, '27, Hansen, '26, Ozbun, '27, Godzintkowski, P. C., and Price, P. C.

Immediately after the plays, the audience snow-shoed over to the gymnasium, where a picked team of Alumni clashed with the College quint. The old-timers had a great array of one-time stars—Bouchard, '21, Baynes, '23, Boatwright, '24, Lahn, '24, Ferguson, '19, Connor, '23, Boatwright, '24, Ferguson, '19, Lahn, '24, Connor, '23, Kirby, '24 and Hughes, '13, Gallaudet's half pint mentor. These fellows put up a fierce game in the first half. But they speedily fell to pieces in the final half and let the College youngsters have things their way, until the whistle stopped the scoring at the 37 and 17 point marks. Ferguson, Lahn, and Bouchard had to leave the floor by the foul route. Baynes, with three floor goals, was easily the best all-round player of the sheepskin five.

ALUMNI (17)		GALLAUDET (37)
Baynes	R. F.	Scarvie
Boatwright	L. F.	Bynook
Ferguson	C.	Riddle
Lahn	R. G.	Wallace
Bouchard	L. G.	Miller

Substitutions: Hughes for Ferguson, Connor for Lahn, Kirby for Bouchard, Woodruff for Bynook, Holden for Wallace, Bynook for Woodruff, Clark for Holden, Mastinkoff for Miller, Myrnek for Mastinkoff, Strauss for Scarvie, Dickens for Strauss, Referee—Beauchamp, Umpire—Falk.

The snowstorms of the 31st and 1st made ideal coasting conditions on the hill back of Camp Meigs. A bunch of students spent all Friday afternoon out there getting sport through Newton's laws.

Mr. Sullivan, '17, speaking under the auspices of the Literary Society, delivered a lecture of unusual merit to the student body January 2d. His topic was "The Venetian Lovers." A social followed the lecture. The men students, losers in the dramatic contest of the night before, furnished refreshments as per agreement.

The night of January 2d will ever remain fresh in the minds of the Preps, for it marked the official christening of each "Rat" in College Hall. No bottles were used, but plenty of dear Mother Earth's soft snow. Yep, it was soft—but not particularly hot. Ask any "rat," he knows. Not a single "varmint" survived with more than his Adam clothes on him.

The Literary Society re-elected its officers of the first term to serve again in the second term. In the G. C. A. A. some changes in offices were made. The officers for the second term are: President, Beauchamp, '25; First Vice-President, Brookins, '26; Second Vice-President, Shibley, '27; Secretary, Scarvie, '27; Treasurer, Marsden, '27, Assistant Treasurer, Bumann, '27.

## FANWOOD.

During the Christmas recess those to sling "types" in the JOURNAL office were the following pupils: Cadets Captain Behrens, Lieut. James Garriek, Private Schurman, Sergeant Percy Schwing, Captain Benjamin Ash, Lieutenant Edmund Hicks, Lieut. Kerwin, First Sergeant Jacobucci, Color Sergeant John Whately, Adjutant Gleicher, and Lance Musician Epstein. They all, except James Garriek, had their lunch at this Institution.

During the noon hour they often indulged in playing basket ball, and also having enjoyable conversation.

Cadet Color Sergeant John Whately accompanied his uncle to Washington, D. C., from New York City for one day's pleasant stay on December 31st, Wednesday evening, and returned home on New Year Eve.

Monday morning, January 5th, 1925, at 10 o'clock, most of the all pupils returned to this school promptly, and said that the recess seemed as long as the summer vacation.

Cadet Captain Behrens suggests as motto for this year of 1925—"Keep Smiling," and "Be a Sport."

Both the Christmas Festival and New Year Eve ("Watch Night") holidays were observed at St. Ann's Church, where real fun was had by those present. On the 26th

ult., Cadet Captain Arne Olsen took the part of Santa Claus, and then chocolates, oranges, and useful presents were distributed to the children by him and a chosen aid, Cadet Captain Behrens.

On January 17th, 1925, Saturday evening, our Fanwood basket-ball team and the Lexington Avenue team, will be matched at the 12th Regiment Armory, where it is expected there will be a good-sized crowd.

Miss Agnes Craig is now in St. Luke's Hospital, and from last reports is rapidly improving, and will soon be able to return to the Institution to resume her duties as Tutor of girls.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Once more the holidays have come and gone.

The interior of All Souls' Church was beautifully and fittingly decorated for the festive seasons. All seem agreed that the decorations in the church were the best ever. They may still be seen for a while.

On the night of December 31st, an entertainment was given in All Souls' Parish House which, owing to working overtime, we were unable to attend. From reports received, however, it was surprisingly well attended and successful in every way. It was under the direction of Mrs. Nancy Moore. Owing to lack of information, we are unable to say more about the entertainment, much to our regret.

Under Mrs. Moore's direction another unique entertainment will be given in the Parish House on January 31st. Particulars will be made known as soon as we get them.

The Frats here held a Watch-night Social, at Fraternity Hall, but with what success we have not yet heard.

The following holiday visitors were in Philadelphia, though the list may not be complete:—

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Scudder and Otto Wilson of Wilmington, Del.; Misses Anna Morrison and Emily Sterck, and Messrs. E. Williams, V. Doudiego, Kelly Stevens, Fred Waltz and another person, all from Trenton, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John T. Smith, of Danville, Va., who were on their honeymoon trip here, Raymond Dochney of Ashland, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. J. Monigal of Bristol, Pa., Miss E. Wolfe, of Sunbury, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lupolt, of Coatesville, Pa., Lewis Hower, of Williamsport, Benjamin Musser, of Lancaster, Randall McClellan, of Mountain View, N. J. Harry Kaercher, of this city, a student at Gallaudet College, was home for the holidays.

A card party will be given at Creshelm Hall, Mt. Airy, in aid of the Building Fund of the Home at Doylestown, on the evening of January 10th. Admission will be fifty cents. Prizes will be given and refreshments served. Besides cards, other games will be played, so that all may take a hand in one or another game. A pleasant evening is anticipated. All welcome.

Thomas Reston, formerly of Canada but now living in New York City, was shown around by his friend, Mr. McLean. Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Warren McCready, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Jump, of Milford, Delaware, have announced the birth of their second child—Bernice Elliott Jump—on December 3d, at the Marshall Hospital in Milford. Mrs. Jump is well known in Philadelphia, having served as a teacher at the Mt. Airy School. We heartily tender the couple our congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens are having a hot-water heating plant installed into their home at Merchantville, N. J. This and an inclosed porch, built last summer, are very substantial improvements to their home. Mr. Stevens designed the porch himself and supervised its construction.

Will Mr. Oliver N. Krause, of Allentown, Pa., kindly send us his new home address. We have mislaid it.

Mrs. Harry R. Spahr, of Carlisle, Pa., has been visiting around here for about a week, stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens at their Merchantville, N. J., home. She returned home on the last day of the last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Campbell visited the latter's sister, Mrs. John L. Detweiler, at Lansdale, recently, spending three days there.

The biggest snow storm we have had yet this winter struck Philadelphia last Friday, but it was called a baby blizzard.

# The Jew Who Originated the Method of Lip Reading

By Ray Brill

It was a Jew who first taught the deaf-mutes in America how to speak. Back in 1819 in the city of Philadelphia there lived David G. Seixas, a Jew, who kept a crockery store on Market Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets. But if running a crockery store were his sole interest there would be no story to tell about the Jew who sought to make the deaf mutes to talk. And although David G. Seixas was just a storekeeper, he had some very original ideas.

One of these was that although a person may have been born deaf, there was no reason in the world why he should be dumb, too. He felt that the majority of the deaf people who were mute were so, not because of any impairment of the vocal organs, but because of ignorance of how these organs should be used so as to produce sound. It became the passion of his life to teach these people how to talk. He started with the children and in spite of being a man of humble means, he took into his home eleven children, of which six were girls and five were boys.

Not only did he teach these little ones, but he also fed and clothed them. Great was his delight when he heard for the first time sounds coming from the lips that had been silent since birth. The method, that he used was as ingenious as it was simple. He would show the child how to use the tongue and lips so as to produce the various sounds. From that he would teach the child how to utter words. This method today is accepted as the latest thing in the instruction deaf-mutes. It goes by the name of the lip-reading method. But at the time of David G. Seixas it had no such name and it was merely regarded as the peculiar method used by the Jew.

David Seixas was so much pleased with the result he had achieved, that he decided to open up a school for the deaf and dumb. Just so a year later, in 1820, he opened up the Philadelphia Asylum for Deaf Children, at Market Street near Sixteenth Street. Some of the most influential Jews in Philadelphia were back of him, among them being Jacob and Joseph Gatz, of the well-known Gatz family, the sister of whom, Rebecca Gatz, was the prototype of Bebecca in Scott's Ivanhoe.

Seixas believed that the State ought to be made to take a hand in the care and the instruction of the deaf. By a clever device he accomplished his purpose. This was his mode of procedure. One cold day in January, he took the brightest of his pupils for a little visit to the State Legislature. He introduced the children to the members present. And he had the political rulers of the State test the children by way of speaking to them, in order to tell whether the children really understood what was being said by simply watching the movements of the lips of the person talking. The legislature was so impressed, that it voted that the sum of eight thousand dollars be granted to the Asylum for Deaf Children in order to enable it to branch out. At that time the name of the school was changed to the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. It bears that name to this very day. And it is now the largest and the best equipped school for the deaf in the world.

A year later charges were brought against Seixas and he was forced to give up the principalship of the school, although the accusations against him were never fully substantiated. He left Philadelphia. But the idea that he had been the father of lip-reading grew and thrived there. Seixas was cut adrift from his friends, and years later he died in 1880 in South Bend, Indiana, forgotten and unremembered.

Now for the story of David G. Seixas' life. His father was the famous Rev. Gershom Mendes Seixas of the Revolutionary Period. When the war broke out Rabbi Seixas was the minister of the Shearith Israel Synagogue. He left his pulpit to shoulder a gun, thereby earning for himself the title of the "Minister of the Revolution." The son also served in the war.

Coming to a later day and to another city, we unearth a tale filled with human pathos regarding the instruction of deaf-mutes. The year so alluded to is 1864, the city, New York. In that year a Jewish couple, by the name of Isaac and Hannah Rosenfeld, had a little baby girl who was born deaf. The parents were heartbroken. They endeavored, however, to make things smooth and pleasant for the little one. When the child grew older they engaged a gentleman from abroad to teach their daughter. They noticed that the instructor did not use the sign language, but attempted to induce the child to speak and to read the lips of another while conversing. The parents were so pleased with the progress made by their child, that they desired to show their happiness by making the world a brighter spot for other deaf-mute children.

Thus it came about that they were instrumental in establishing the Institution for the Improved

Instruction of Deaf Mutes, in New York City, which is today the only Jewish institution of its kind in the country.

That the Jew should have taken such a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of the deaf is merely another inherent characteristic of his. In the Nineteenth Chapter of Leviticus the Children of Israel were commanded: "Thou shalt not curse the deaf." And in the Book of Proverbs, XXXI, he is instructed to "open thy mouth for the dumb." David G. Seixas heeded this injunction.—*The Ohio Chronicle.*

## The Date-palm of the Desert.

There are many kinds of palm-trees which are familiar to those who live in the tropics, but perhaps the date-palm is the most useful of them all, since it furnishes food. It is chiefly to be found in North Africa and Arabia, where the people largely live on dates, but it grows also in India.

If you look at a picture of this useful tree, you will see that it has a long, straight stem.

Sometimes the palm-tree reaches a height of 50 or 60 feet, and there are no leaves except at the top of the stem. There are often forty or fifty leaves, and these are 8 to 10 feet long. This cluster of leaves looks very beautiful as it bends towards the earth.

Now you will like to know in what soil the date-palm grows. When the date-palm is found in the desert, it will be found that water is always near. This pretty fertile spot in the sandy plain is called an oasis. There the date-palm lifts its graceful head, as if to call the traveller to sit under its shade.

The Arab of the desert would not know what to do without this fruitful tree. It is well called the "King of the desert," for it is really the only tree that grows in the vast sandy plain of Africa.

Just think for one minute what the date-palm means to the Arab. It gives him food; it gives him drink; and it also gives him shade from the heat of the fierce sun. And he always knows that where palms grow there is sure to be some water, for the date-palm could not thrive without it.

Now let us look a while at the fruit of the date-palm. Its fruit grows in large bunches, each of which weighs as much as twenty pounds. There are many bunches of fruit on each tree, so we can easily understand that the date-palm yields a great deal of fruit.

The date-palm does not bear fruit for the first seven years. Afterwards it gives its large bunches for many years; and it is said that it does not cease its supply till it is about one hundred years old.

In many countries dates are the chief food of the people. It is quite a common sight in an Eastern city to see a date-man going about with a load of dates on his back, and a pair of scales in his hands.

The fruit is eaten either fresh or dried. When cakes of dates are pounded together, they are so hard that they must be cut with a hatchet. It is in the dried form that we chiefly get dates. And it is in the same state that the Arabs carry them across the desert on a long journey.

The Arabs get a sweet juice from the fruit, and with this date-honey, as it is called, they sweeten their rice. From the fresh fruit they also make wine and vinegar, and the seeds are roasted to make a kind of coffee.

Every part of the date-palm is used for some good purpose. From the leafstalk all kinds of baskets, fans, and walking-sticks are made. The leaves themselves are made into bags and mats; and the wood of the tree is used for building, and for making fences.

It is not very easy to get the fruit of the date-palm. The bunches of dates are right at the top, and as the tree is tall and without branches, it is rather hard to climb. However, many men are very clever at this sort of work; and when they are at the top of the tree, they pluck the bunches and throw the fruit into a large cloth, which they place beneath the tree.—*At Home and Abroad.*

## Five Niagaras in One.

There is a popular impression that Niagara Falls are the highest in the world. As the matter of fact, the Gersoppa, or Jog, Falls in the Western Ghats of South India are roughly five times the height of Niagara and surpass also the great falls of Kaitour in British Guiana and the famous Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River. The Gersoppa Falls are on the Sharavati River in the North Kanara district of Bombay, at a point about twenty miles from the mouth of river where the stream plunges into a narrow gorge on its way to the Indian Ocean.

The cliff over which the Gersoppa Falls leaps is 830 feet high. When there is only a moderate amount of water in the river it breaks into four distinct falls, and the largest, called the Rajah, has a drop of more than 500 feet before it touches a rock. Straight from an overhanging ledge it leaps into the chasm in a gigantic spout so far from the precipice that the sun shines in between and the shadow of the water may be seen on the rock at some distance to the side of the fall. The pool beneath it is 132 feet deep.

Like the flow of many rivers in India, that of the Sharavati River varies enormously during the year; it is fed mainly by the southwest monsoon rains, which fall for three months—June, July, and August. During that period the maximum volume of water is ten thousand times as great as the minimum flow, which occurs in April or May; the rainfall of the drainage basin amounts in some parts to more than two hundred inches a year, most of which falls in the three months.

The effect of the monsoon is to increase the volume of water to such an extent that it swirls over the precipice and thunders down into the abyss with such terrific force that the pool is like a gigantic boiling pot. The clouds that rise are so dense as completely to eclipse the view of the falls, and for months the water is veiled in mystery, heard but not seen.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.  
Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor.  
Mr. Dan Baker, Interpreter for the deaf.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.  
Sermon—11 A.M.  
Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.  
Everybody Welcome.

## \$ \$ \$ - - - in Cash Prizes

Will be awarded for the Most Beautiful, Comic, Original and Unique Costumes.

## SECOND—ANNUAL

## MASQUE BALL

## Bronx Division, Number 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

## BRONX CASTLE HALL

149TH STREET AND WALTON AVENUE

BRONX, N. Y.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1925

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

ADMISSION, - - (Including Wardrobe) - - \$1.00

[Particulars later]

JOSEPH F. GRAHAM, Chairman.

## \$100 CASH PRIZES \$100

For Most Original and Unique Costumes

## OUR 16th ANNUAL

## MASQUERADE BALL

## BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall, 301-309 Schermerhorn St.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, February 7, 1925

TICKETS, - \$1.00

Including Wardrobe

MUSIC

Par Excellence

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

John Bohlman, Chairman W. Bowers, Vice-Chairman  
J. Loneragan K. J. Goldberg  
E. Baum Wm Siebel  
A. Hitchcock G. Timberg  
J. Kumb E. M. Berg

DIRECTIONS—Take I. R. T. Subway to Nevins Street Station and walk south two blocks. Or take B. M. T. Subway to DeKalb Avenue Station, and walk south four blocks.

## ENTERTAINMENT and DANCE

under the auspices of

## St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

[BENEFIT OF BUILDING FUND]

## BRONX CASTLE HALL

149th Street and Walton Avenue

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

Curtain rises at 8:30 P.M.

Admission, - \$1.00 Reserved Seats at door

DIRECTIONS: Take Bronx Park or Lexington Avenue Subway trains to Mott Avenue. Also 149th and 145th Street Crosstown cars pass the door.

## TWELVETH—ANNUAL

## Barrel of Fun, Rolling

TO

## Country Fair and Mask Ball

## Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

## EAGLES' HALL

28 East Park Street, Newark, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 18th, 1925

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

Admission (Including Wardrobe) One Dollar

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

JULIUS M. AARON, Chairman ROBERT M. ROBERTSON, Vice-Chairman  
EDWARD BRADLEY, Secretary-Treasurer  
JOHN B. WARD, FRANK PARELLA, CHAS. QUIGLEY,  
HARRY REDMAN, WILLIAM ATKINSON

DIRECTION—From New York and Jersey City take Hudson and Manhattan train to Newark. Walk one block along Park Place to East Park Street.

## WHIST and SOCIAL

GIVEN BY

American Society of Deaf Artists

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH for the DEAF  
511 West 148 Street.

Saturday, January 10th, 1925, 8 P.M.

Admission - - Fifty cent

Several Valuable Prizes for Winners.  
With Refreshments

## WHIST and BRIDGE

GIVEN BY THE

—V. B. G. A.—

OF

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf  
511 West 148th Street

Saturday, February 14, 1925  
AT 8:30 P.M.

Admission, 25 Cents.  
Card players 10 Cents extra.

Handsome prizes. Refreshments  
on Sale.

## Comic Vaudeville

— AT —

ST. ANN'S GUILD HOUSE

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, April 25, 1925

at 8:30 P.M.

ADMISSION, - - 35 CENTS

Benefit of Sunday Cafeteria Fund.

MRS. ISABELLA FOSMIRE,

Chairman.

SOUND BONDS  
FOR INVESTMENT

New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad Co.  
5 3/4% 1974

Public Service Corporation of New Jersey  
6% 1944

Canadian Pacific Railway Company  
Debenture 4% Stock  
Perpetual

City of Christiania  
6% 1954

Pennsylvania Railroad Company  
5% 1964

Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railroad  
7% 1958

Correspondence invited

Statistics of any corporation in the  
world cheerfully furnished.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM  
Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of  
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

## Charles J. Sanford

Member No. 22, N. F. S. D.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

## PLATINUM AND GOLD MOUNTING

## DIAMOND JEWELRY

We carry a full line of ladies and  
gents Watches American  
and Swiss made

Also a full line of Platinum and  
Gold Rings, Pins and Brooch  
at Factory Prices

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

102 Fulton Street

Room 508

NEW YORK

Telephone Beekman 8585

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes  
every Sunday afternoon at three  
o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A.  
Kennedy, at First Congregational  
Church, Hope and Ninth Streets.  
Entrance up the incline to north  
side door and upstairs to the Or-  
chestra Room. Open to all de-  
nominations. Visiting deaf-mutes  
cordially welcome.

## MASQUERADE BALL

auspices of the

Beth Israel Association of the Deaf

—AT THE—

NEW YORK MORE HALL

St. and Columbia Ave.  
PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening, Jan. 17, 1925

GOOD MUSIC

ADMISSION - - 50 CENTS  
Cash Prizes for Costumes.

The

## NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and  
for yourself with policy con-  
tracts not excelled in all the  
world.

No discrimination against deaf-  
mutes. No charge for medical  
examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go  
to a Bank. When you think  
of Life Insurance plus savings  
write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th Street, New York

## Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the Harlem Masonic Temple, 810 Lenox Avenue, near 126th Street, New York City. The President is Samuel Frankenstein and the Treasurer is Julius Seidel. Address all communications to the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Manhattan, N. Y. 7-23-24

## Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: LEONARD FRIEDLAND, Secretary, 4807-12th Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., on the first Friday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Edward P. Bonvilain, Secretary, 1219 Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, New York.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is to social, recreation and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. H. Souweine, President; S. Lowenherz, Secretary. Address all communications to 148 West 126th Street, New York City.

## VISITORS

## IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

## The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor  
61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings.....First Saturday  
Literary Meetings.....Last Saturday

Club rooms open every day  
Charles Kemp, President.  
Kenneth J. Munger, Secretary,  
6849 Kenwood Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

FIFTH

## ANNUAL FIELD MEET

## FANWOOD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

May 30, 1925

## RESERVED FOR

July 11, 1925

## RESERVED FOR

## Wilmington Silent Club

Particulars later

## BASKET BALL & DANCE

## LEXINGTON A. A. vs. FANWOOD A. A.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP  
OF NEW YORK CITY

## SILENT SEPARATES vs. NEW JERSEY S. A. C

Saturday Evening, January 17, 1925

## 12th Regiment Armory

62 Street and Columbus Avenue New York City

AUSPICES OF LEXINGTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE

Joseph Worzel, Chairman Ludwig Fischer  
Henry Peters Henry Peters  
Antonio Ponte Mrs. Ludwig Fischer  
Mary Hornstein Ralph Lowinson  
Sam Basheim Leo Berzon

MUSIC ADMISSION, 75 CENTS

RESERVED FOR

## HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

March 28th, 1925

(Particulars Later)